

Holland turn'd to Tinder,

O F, ENGLANDS

# Third Great Royal VICTORY.

Being an exact Narrative brought by Captain *Talbot* Commander of the *Elizabeth* a fourth rate Frigate of the Fleet Squadron, who on Wednesday night came into *Harwich*, and sent an Express to the KING at *Whitehall*, of all that had pass betwixt both the Fleets, before and in the Fight: which news hath been continued since by other persons from aboard the *Royal Charles*, who give account of a total Rout given to the *Dutch*, and a great Victory obtained against them, insomuch that they are beaten and block'd in their own Harbors: All this was performed on Wednesday and Thursday 25. and 26. of July, 1666.

The Tune is,

Packingtons pound.



**T**he weather is clear, which was late overcast  
& our long expectation's are answer'd at last,  
With News from the *Flotte*, which shall impart  
Enough to rejoyce every English-man's heart,

That's honest and true,  
(And is not a Jew)

but would give to God and to Censor his Due.  
This will be a joyfull and Royal Relation  
To such as love God, the King, and the Nation:  
those Dard Demigorgons, Gods power convinces  
& makes them all Servant, & aim'd to be Princes.

On Wednesday last, the twenty fift day of July,  
Came in this Narration which I tell ye truly,  
From brave Cap. *Talbot* a man of stout carriage  
That then brought a part of this News into Har-  
Both Ruine and Rage. (which,  
(In brave Equipage)

Last Wednesday at none both *Flottes* did engage  
The winds were our friends, & did fill out our sails  
With very fresh southerly brave top-sail gales;  
We din'd with the Hogens upon their own Coast,  
You might a had Dutch-men there build or roast.

At first both the *Flottes* did fight in a Line,  
Three hours with much fury & force (but in fine)  
The Enemies flēt into three Squadrons flew,  
And Sir *Jeremie Smith* (Admiral of the *White*)

By lot was to face,  
Pursue, and to Chase

out the *Zelanders* Squadron, & strongest that was  
They fought it out furiously, all the day after,  
And fiercely encounter'd, like wild-fire & water,  
A frigate of ours called the *Resolution*, (Gon.  
Was burnt by the *Dutch* in this depth of confu-

The *White* and red Squadrons did ply & two other  
So fast & they almost were choak'd with *smoke*  
They tugg'd very hard who should stand it out  
Our *White* was *weakest*, the *Zealand* the (longest,  
And yet they fight (strongest  
till so late at night,

that powder and darkness depriv'd them of sight  
The two *Holland* Squadrons both turn'd tail & fled,  
Pursued by the Squadrons of our *White* and *Red*,  
Upon Thursday morning betwixt nine and ten,  
The *Zealand*'s were crippled and hopp'd home agen.

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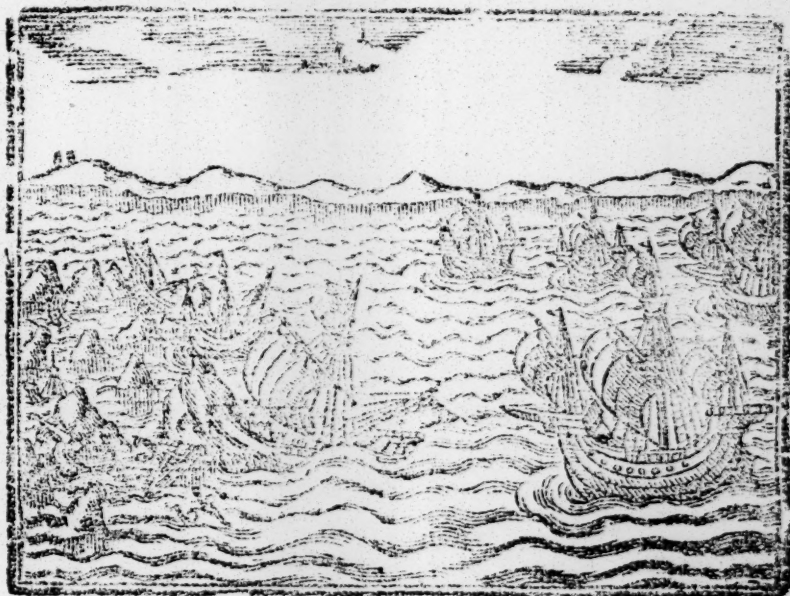
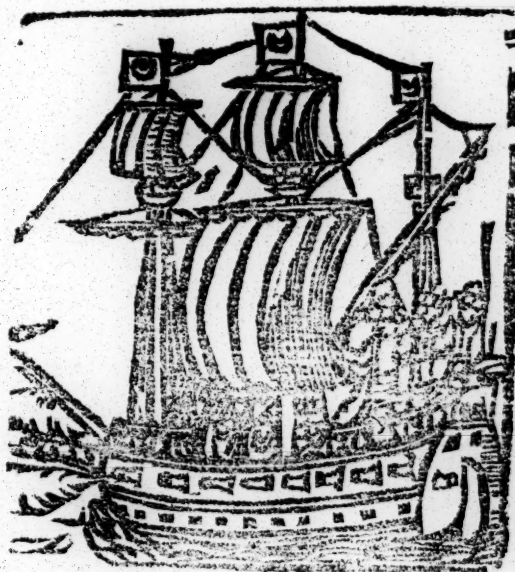
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**T**aid þ blew Squadron a thousand stout men  
 Were sent (in five frigats) by Sir William Pen,  
 And Talbot doth tell us ere he did retire,  
 On Wednesday night he saw six Dutch Ships on fire,  
 Two hundred almost  
 Of our men were lost,

such victories seldom are gain'd without cost,  
 The zealanders Admiral some think is gone  
 Unto his last home, wh'n his flag was shot down,  
 'Tis highly presum'd by the best knowing men,  
 They nere will be able to fight us agen.

The pressmen (wel mingl'd with stout volunteers  
 Did drink a wap doloꝝ and fight away fears:  
 Our small flot did stand to't with valiant desire,  
 Their Guns spit & sparkl'd like bag-leaves in fire  
 Our Canons did roare

They sunk and they tore, (more.

thousands that heard them will nere hear them  
 It is better far in a good cause to dye,  
 Then with a bad conscience to live great & high:  
 And in acts of honour there's no better thing,  
 Then dye a true Partyr for God and the King.

Our white and red Squadrons Du Ruiter engag'd  
 Five hours, till at last his fierce fury aswag'd,  
 He fought as if he had been Mars his own son,  
 From ten in the morning, till three afternoon.

Our Red and our White

Did dazel his sight,

they made him to turn and to run away quite,  
 For no other reason as some men suppose  
 But courage did fall from his heart to his hole:  
 Though bad men seek victory, and think to win it  
 It never will prosper, if God be not in it.

With Allowance.

Our frigots persued him, our Canons did roare,  
 Until they were come within two miles of shore:  
 Our great Ships persu'd, & continu'd þ slaughter,  
 So far till they were within six fathom water:

They durst not look back,

To see what we lack,

but passing for life, to their Harbours they tack;  
 Their Flags being struck, and not set up again,  
 'Tis thought that Ven Trump & Du Ruiter is slain.  
 He that doth protect us, will save us from evil,  
 In spight of the Dutch, the Dane, or the Devil.

Besides all the damage our Shipping hath done,  
 To Vessels & men, in their fight, and their run,  
 Two very stout Ships we have taken and fir'd,  
 And in them five hundred and ninety men tyr'd,  
 With tagging for that,

They cannot get at.

to make England stoop to their pittypul State;  
 When slaves are turn'd princes, no tyrants so evil  
 When beggars are mounted, they ride to þ Devil  
 No Soules so insulting as such fordid Slaves,  
 As climb to preferment on honest mens graves.

Our Gen'als and Paby, are all safe and sound,  
 The Prince, & the Duke have our foes in þ pound  
 They in their own Harbours are pris'ners at sale,  
 The King of great Brittain Commands where he  
 Will ride on the Ocean, (please.

And waite for the Potion,

to venter again they have no great devotion,  
 had they not crept in, they'd been burnt to a cinder  
 And Holland by this time, had been turn'd to tinder  
 God blessing & Queen, with þ Duke, & all such,  
 As are friends to great Brittain, & foes to the Dutch.

London, Printed by E. Crowch, for E. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.